

JULY
No. 49

10¢

CRACK COMICS

Captain **TRIUMPH**
finds a
HOLE IN THE GROUND!



..is it
**LIQUID
GOLD**
or a
GRAVE?

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THEY ARE

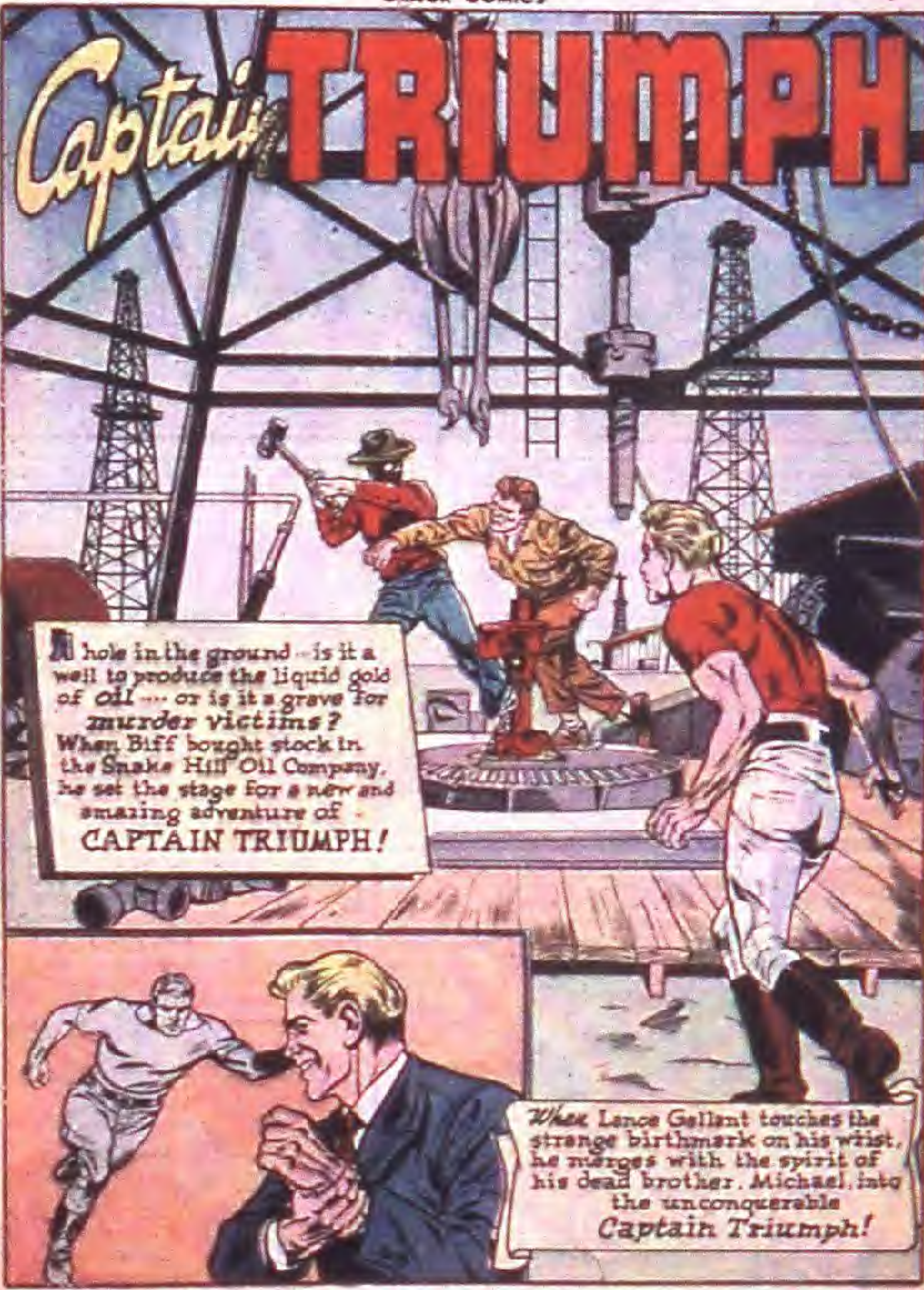
DATE: 11/11/2011

1. The following table shows the number of people who attended the 2008 Summer Olympics in Beijing, China, and the 2012 Summer Olympics in London, England. The number of people who attended the 2008 Summer Olympics in Beijing, China, is 1.1 million more than the number of people who attended the 2012 Summer Olympics in London, England. How many people attended the 2008 Summer Olympics in Beijing, China?

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Captain TRIUMPH



A hole in the ground -- is it a well to produce the liquid gold of oil --- or is it a grave for murder victims? When Biff bought stock in the Snake Hill Oil Company, he set the stage for a new and amazing adventure of **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**



When Lance Gellant touches the strange birthmark on his wrist, he merges with the spirit of his dead brother, Michael, into the unconquerable **Captain Triumph!**

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HOW CAN HE STAND THAT HEAT?

HE CAN'T BE HUMAN!



THIS CHARGE--INTO THE HOLE WITH IT! THE BLAST WILL SHOCK THE FIRE OUT OF EXISTENCE!



COME ON, BUDDY! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!



CAPTAIN TRIUMPH DYNAMITED THE WELL!

HE MUST HAVE DIED DOING IT!



THANKS TO THAT BLAST, I'M COMING BACK QUICKLY! AND I SAVED THIS MAN!

LOOK HERE! WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU BUTTING IN? I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE DAREDEVILS DISRUPTING MY PLANS TO SALVAGE THIS PROJECT!



SALVAGE YOUR PROJECT! LOOK, IT'S SALVAGED! I DROPPED THE CHARGE--IT BLEW UP THE MOUTH OF THE WELL AND PUT OUT THE FIRE!

I'LL HAVE TO START DRILLING AGAIN--THE WHOLE JOB FROM THE START! MY STOCK-HOLDERS WILL HAVE TO ADVANCE MORE MONEY!



IT'S NOT THAT BAD! THE CHARGE ONLY CLOSED THE TOP FEW FEET--AN HOUR OR SO OF DIGGING WILL OPEN THAT CHAMPION GUSHER AGAIN!

SEE YOU LATER, KURLASH! AND HAVE MY FIRST DIVIDENDS READY!



The spirit of Michael Gallant is never far from his brother—

OBSERVE KURLASH, LANCE! HE SEEMS SURPRISED—AND NOT VERY HAPPY!

PETE PLOYER! YOU—HERE?

WHY NOT BE HERE, KURLASH? AIN'T I YOUR BIGGEST INVESTOR?

OF COURSE! GO ON IN! THE STOCKHOLDERS MEETING IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!



I THINK I'LL ATTEND THAT MEETING UNSEEN, LANCE! MAYBE YOU CAN CHECK WHATEVER NEEDS CHECKING OUTSIDE!

START THE CAR, KIM! WE'RE GOING TO EXPLORE A LITTLE!

EXPLORE? WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL SUSPICIOUS?

KURLASH'S SURPRISE THAT HIS BIGGEST STOCKHOLDER SHOULD BE THERE! HE MUST HAVE EXPECTED SOMETHING TO DELAY PETE PLOYER!

WELL, FRIENDS, OUR COMPANY HAS BEGUN PAYING DIVIDENDS! THANKS TO THE HELP OF SOME OF YOU, WE GOT THE WELL PRODUCING!

THAT MEANS ME! I'M AN OLD-TIME OIL WORKER—HELPED OPEN HER UP AGAIN! WHAT ABOUT PAYING US? I'VE GOT PLANS!



PAY YOU? CERTAINLY—HERE ARE THE CHECKS! PETE, SINCE YOU'RE THE HEAVY STOCKHOLDER, I'LL MAKE YOU OUT A SPECIAL CHECK IN A MOMENT!

I'LL WAIT!

I MADE AN EXCUSE TO KEEP YOU HERE, PETE, BECAUSE OF WHAT I HEARD!

WHAT DID YOU HEAR? SOMETHING ABOUT ME?



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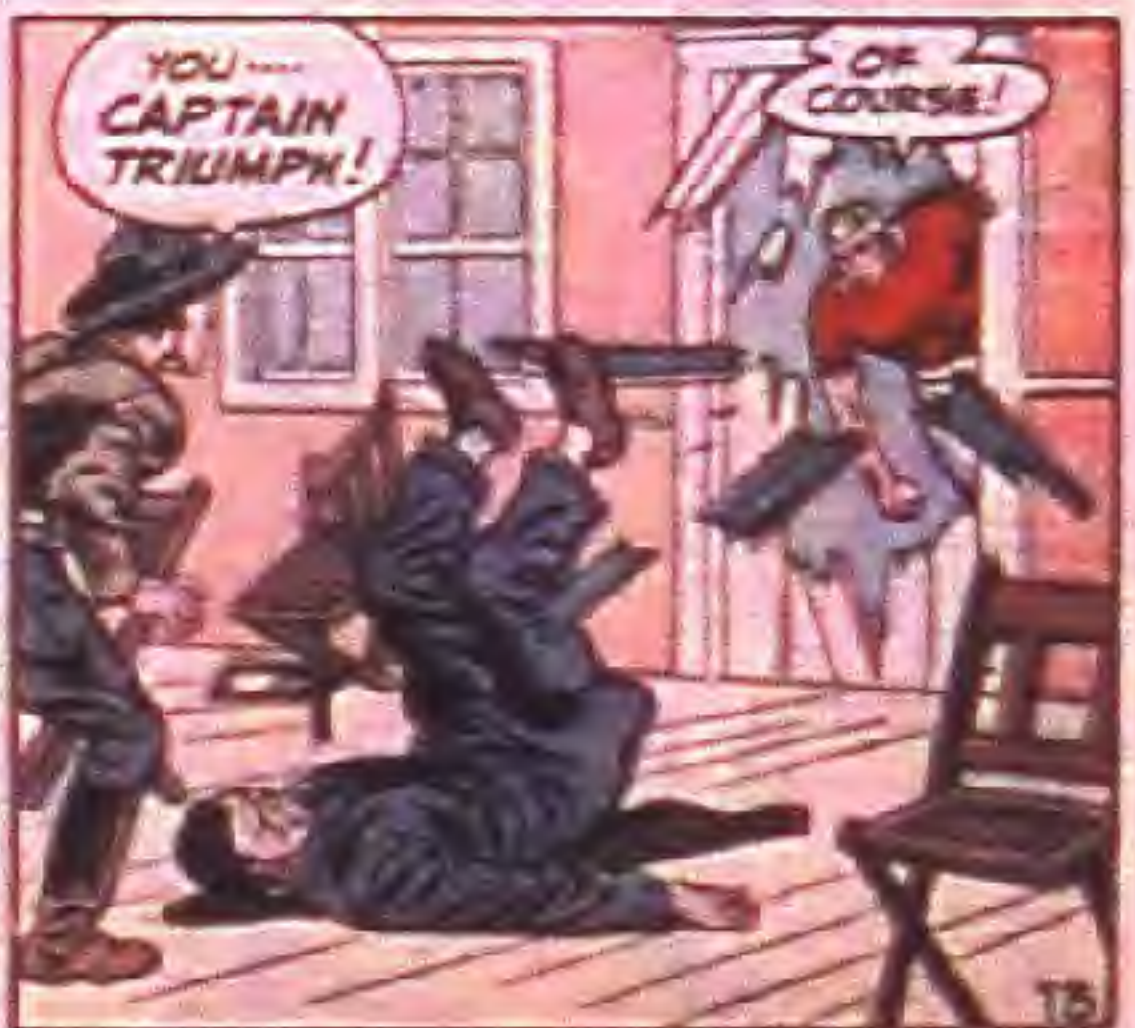
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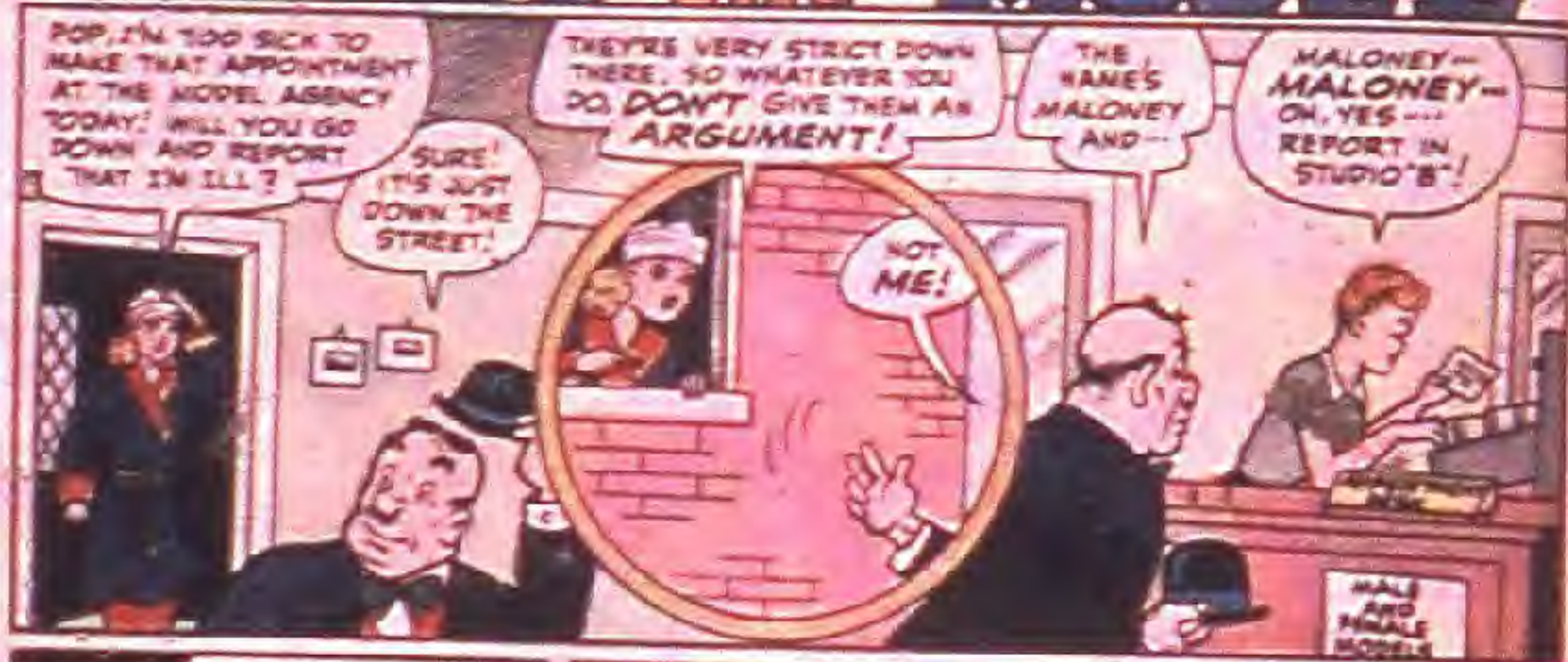








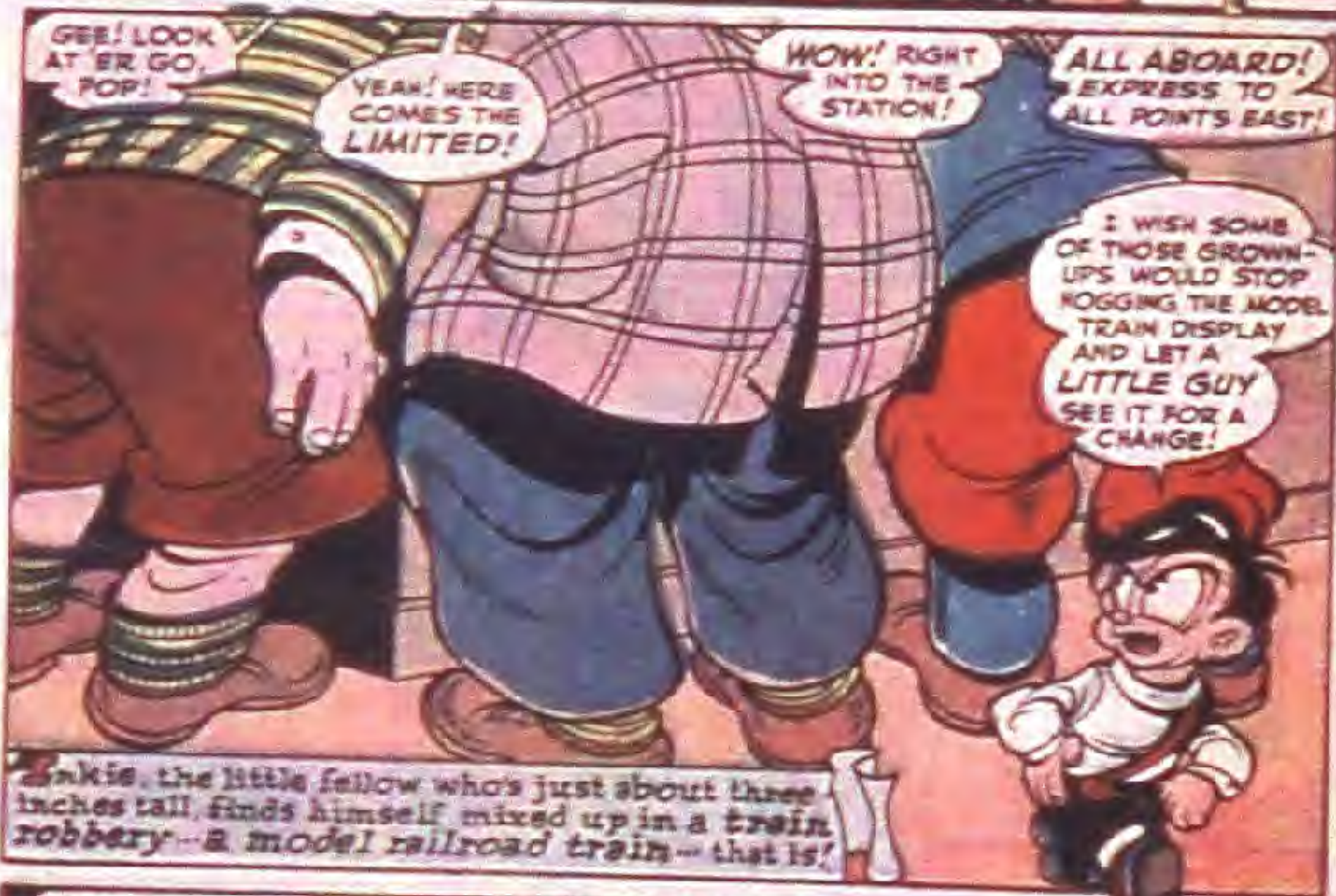
MOLLY the MODEL



MOLLY the MODEL



INKIE













HACK O'HARA

What was behind the cab that looked like Hack O'Hara's?



The crime-crushing caddy made a mistake which might be excusable — but when it led him into an underworld organization, there wasn't time to beg anybody's pardon....

The small hours... and Hack O'Hara has had his usual lunch...

IT'S ALMOST GETUP TIME FOR THE MILKMAN... AND ALMOST BEDTIME FOR HACKY BOY! A DULL DAY, BUT RESTFUL!



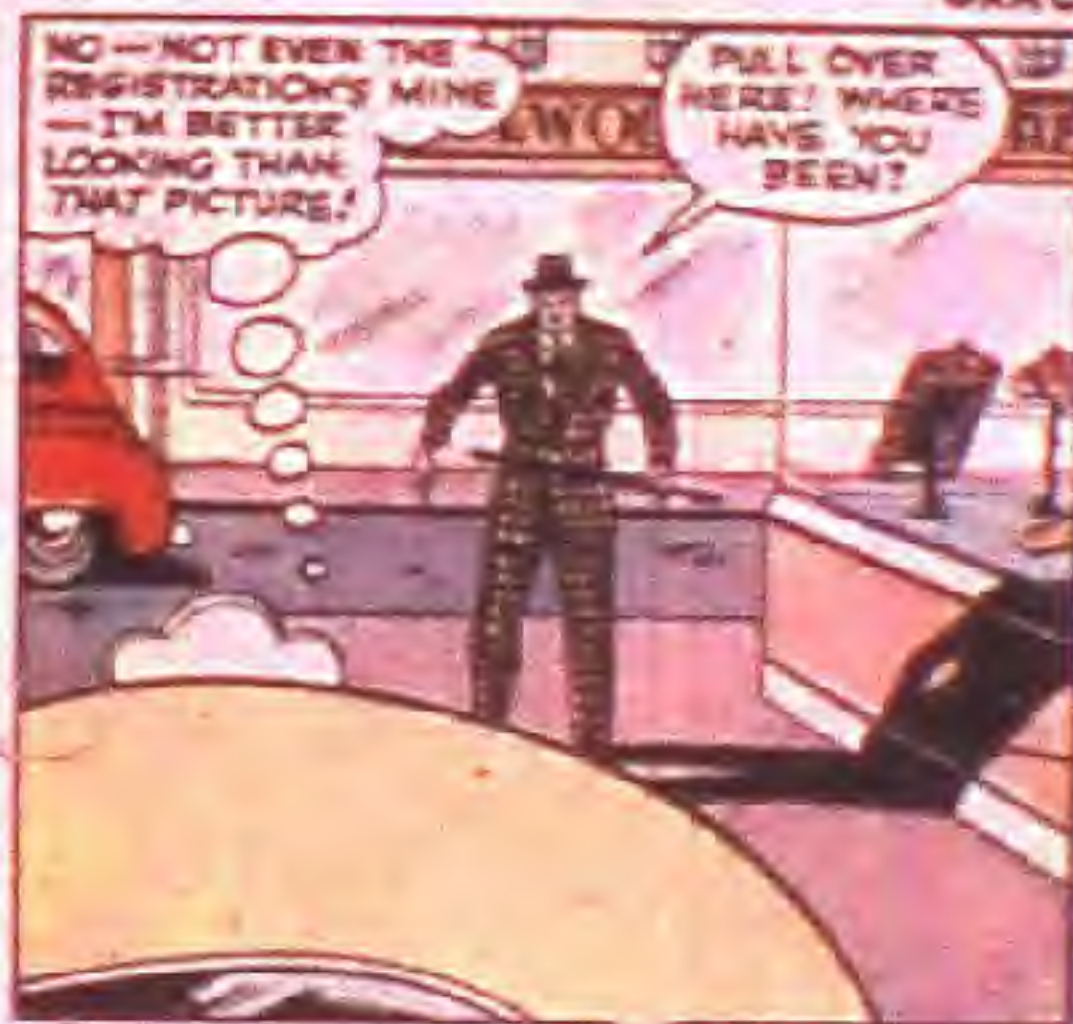
THE OLD JUNK-HEAP STARTS BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!

HEY—



SHE DRIVES TOO SMOOTHLY TO BE MY CRATE! I STEPPED INTO THE WRONG TAXI!

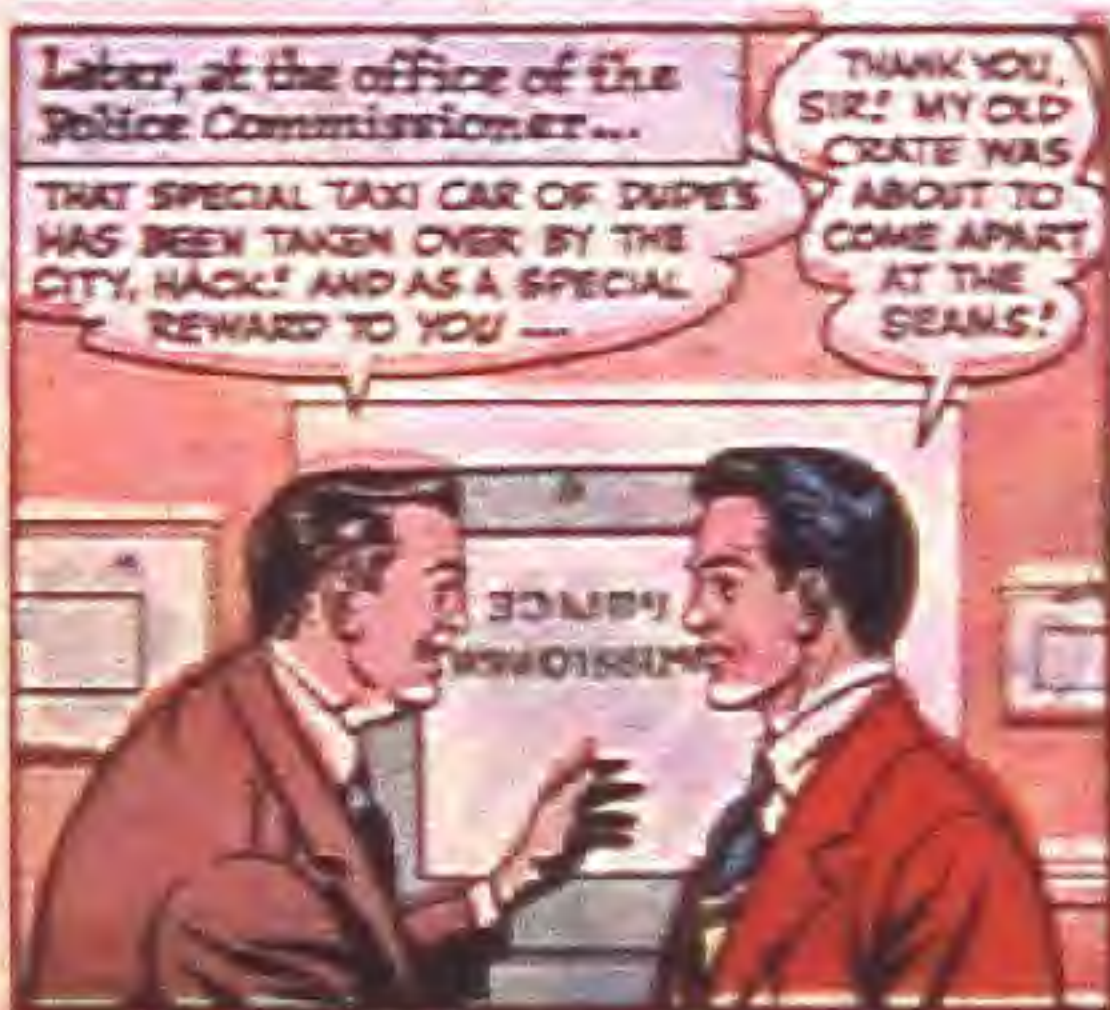






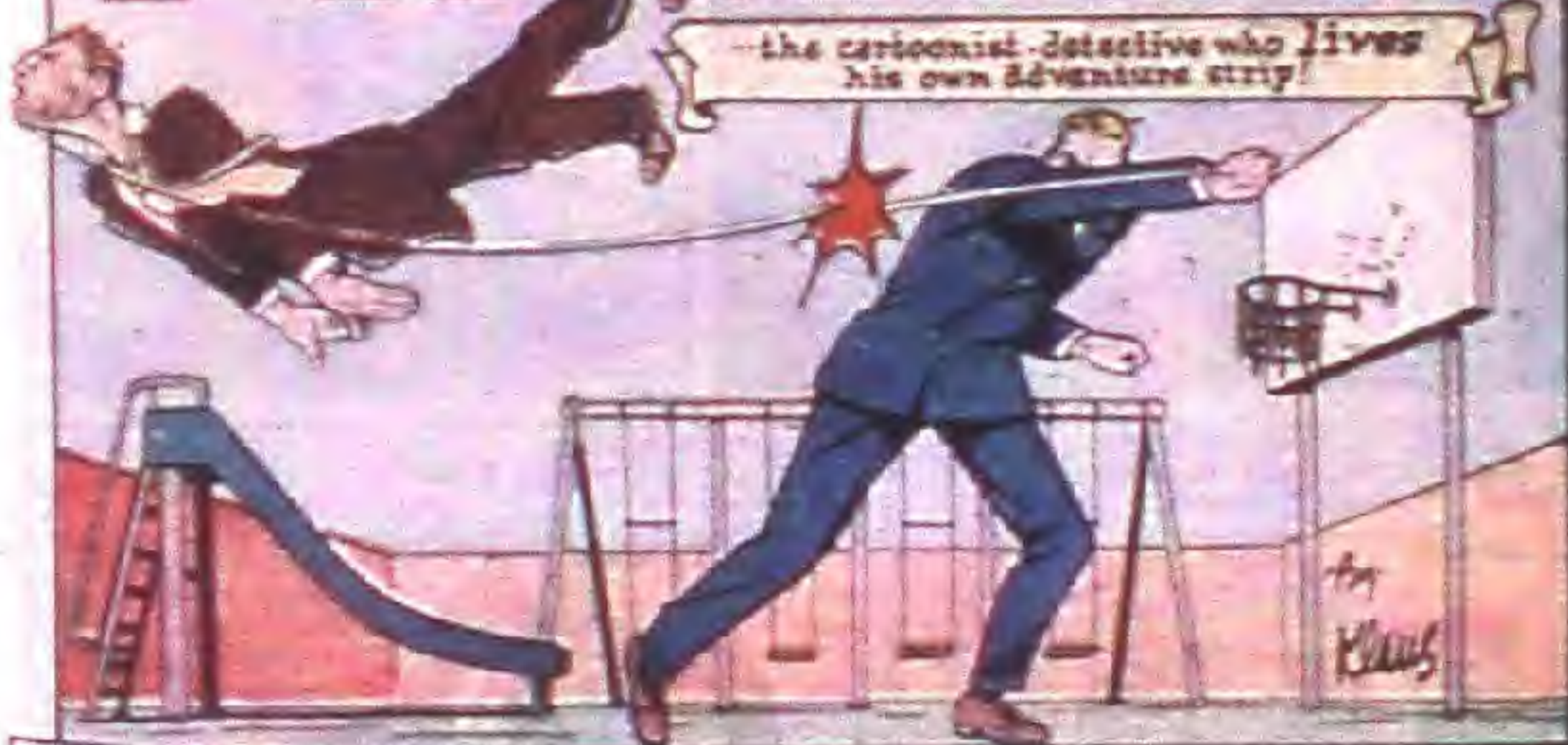






Pen Miller

—the cartoonist-detective who lives his own adventure strip!



WHY DID MILLIONAIRE J. VAN FROST SUDDENLY WITHDRAW HIS PROMISE OF A PLAYGROUND FOR POOR KIDS?



IS QUESTION EVERYBODY IS ASKING ON STREET!

I KNOW, CHOP! AND IT'S A QUESTION NOBODY BUT J. VAN FROST CAN ANSWER!



BUT YOU GO THERE TWICE, MYST' MILLER, AND J. VAN FROST SAY HE REFUSE TO TALK TO ANYBODY!

I KNOW—AND THAT JUST BRINGS OUT MY STUBBORN STREAK! SO I'LL TRY AGAIN!



IT'S MIGHTY ODD! VAN FROST HAS GIVEN THE CITY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS! NOW HE CLAMS UP!





THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, MR. FROST! I GOT WHAT I CAME FOR, ANYHOW!



JUST A MINUTE, MILLER! HOLD ON!



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT PREFER TO ASK HER A FEW QUESTIONS!



THE REASON IS MY OWN BUSINESS! I SIMPLY CHANGED MY MIND!



I KNOW! BUT PERHAPS I DECIDED TO PUT MY REMAINING FUNDS INTO OTHER CHANNELS!



YES! ONE MORE--





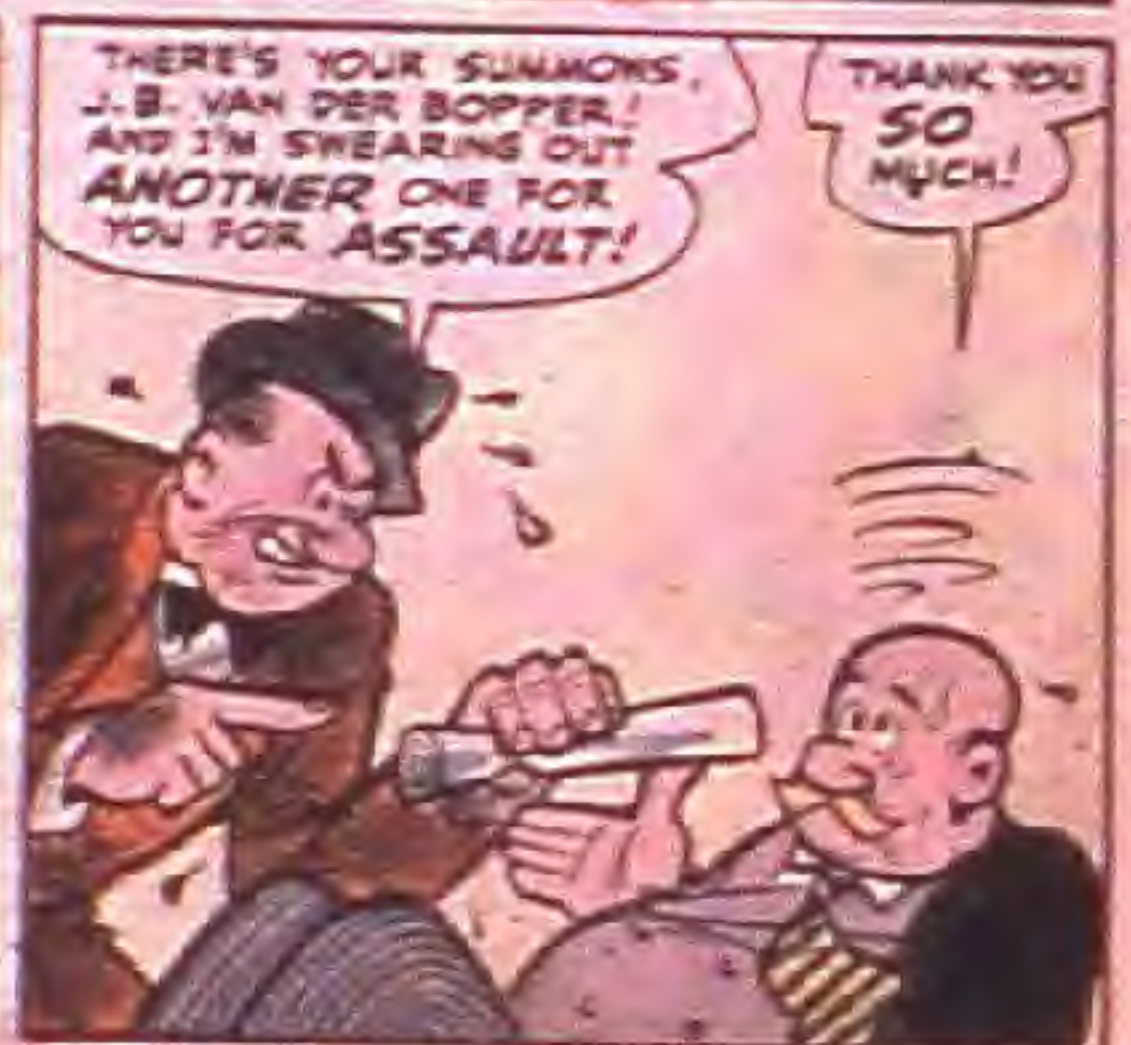
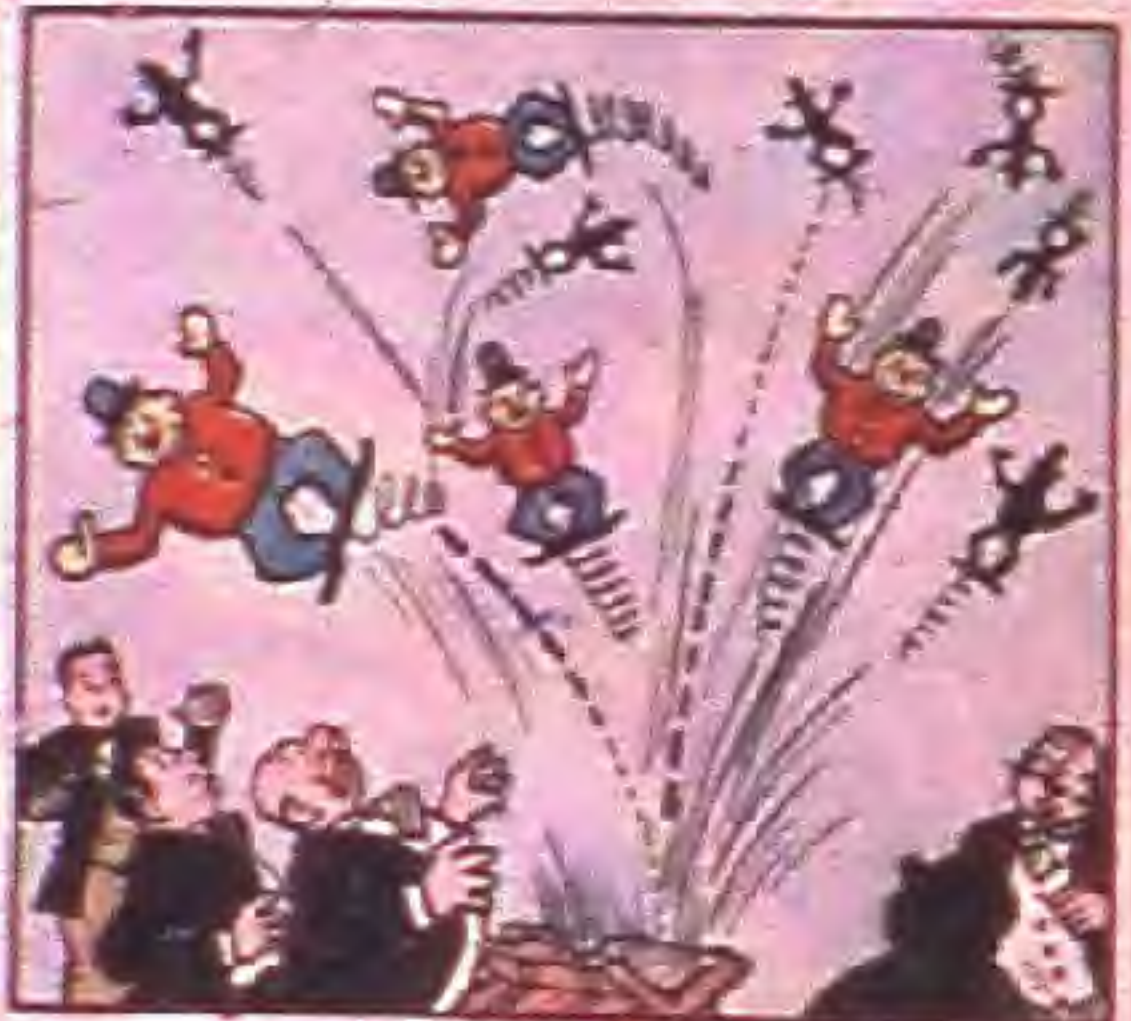


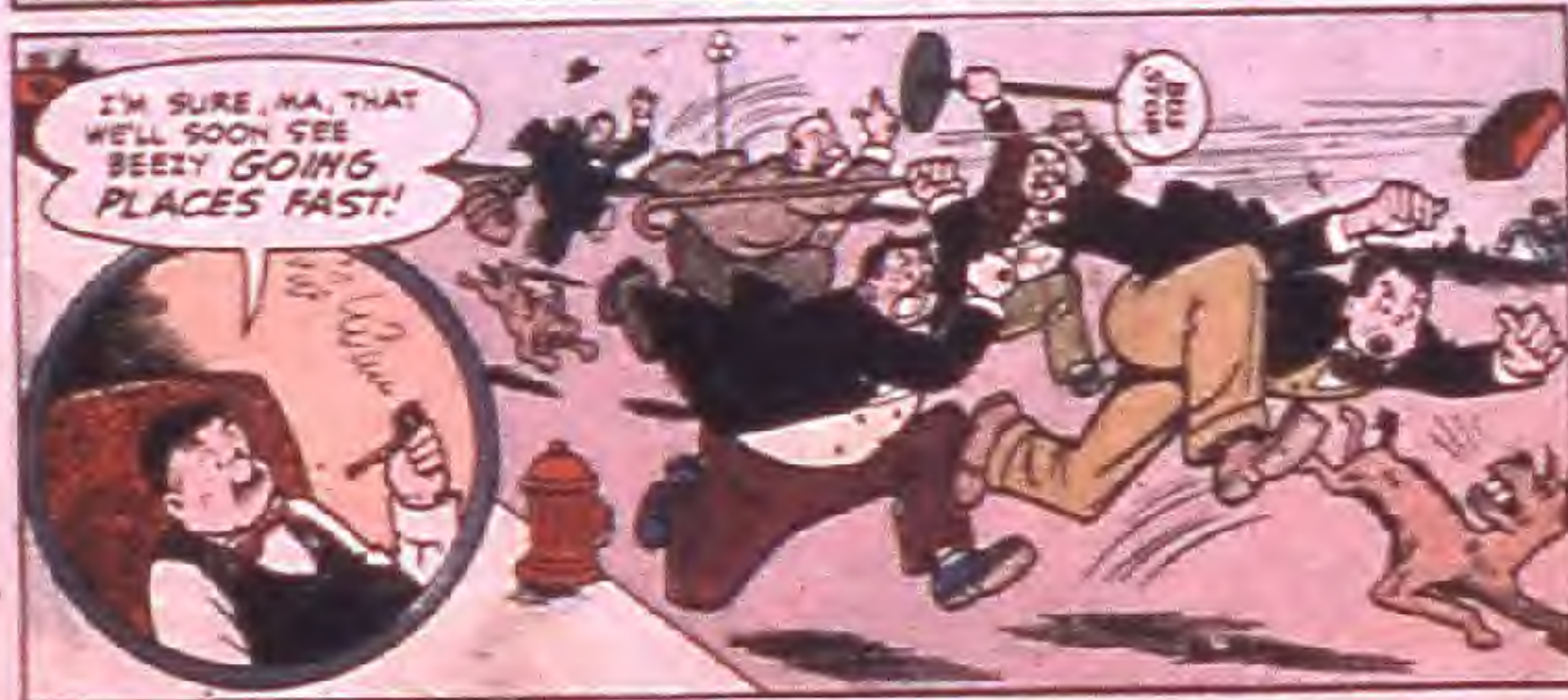
BEEZY











Birds FROM HADES

"YOU'RE taking a terrible chance, Vale," said Capt. Raine, "but if you succeed it will be a worthy undertaking."

Eric Vale nodded. He was seated in the office of Public Affairs in Miami. He had before him a strange record. It was a record of lost flyers. It covered a period of three years. Flyers who had gone in search of their buddies—and never come back.

"How many in all have been lost?" Eric asked the captain.

The latter consulted the list. "Nine. We have often thought that Paul Redfern was one of them. You see, we can't know because there has never been a single one return from this mission."

"A sort of lost cause," grinned Eric. "Well, there is only one way to learn and thus solve this mystery. That's to take a flier on it. When do I start?"

The captain looked long at this courageous young flyer. "Then you are serious, eh? Good. Can you be ready by day after tomorrow? The ship will be ready by then."

Eric got up. "That's good enough with me. I'll be on hand Tuesday morning."

It was a weird enough mission Eric Vale was starting out on. Over a period of several years, nine aviators had flown into a certain district of Brazil. The first one had gone in search of riches—a great hoard of gold was said to be stored in a certain Matte Grasso canon deep in the interior of Brazil. That first flyer had never been heard of. The others had all gone looking for each succeeding flyer who didn't return. None of them did.

It would be a feather in anybody's cap who had this ghost of the airplanes. What happened to those flyers?

Of course, there was no denying that it was a suicidal job. If nine expert flyers had been lost, what chance did the tenth have against whatever jinx it was that caused them to be unheard of?

Eric was fully aware of the chance he was taking, but there was nothing else for it; besides, he had the blood of the adventurer. He wanted action. He was accustomed to danger

in various forms. This might turn into a lark. Or—what?

The Matte Grasso is a vast, matted, dense jungle almost totally impenetrable. An airman forced to land in this enormous region of great trees and thick brush hasn't a chance of getting out. Trails must be hacked through any portion of it with machetes.

Whenever a plane goes down in this area of Brazil, it is simply marked off as "lost."

Would Eric return? Would he discover the solution of the mystery? Time would tell.

His small, fast plane was fitted out with a long-range radio, two-way, so that he could keep in touch with the outside. It had extra large gas tanks. There was a young arsenal aboard, including poison gas bombs, and several explosive bombs—just in case.

He took off early on the following Tuesday morning, heading south, making fueling stops at a couple of spots. In Rio, he had a chat with the chief of police, Senor Ricardo, who advised him against wasting his young life.

Eric laughed at him, and took off just at sunset. He would be in a spot far up the Plata the next morning, where he would establish a sort of headquarters base from which to conduct his flights. The chief of police had promised to have several drums of fuel and oil flown in to this spot within the next few days.

When Eric sat down in this region, he looked around with a wry grin. Jungle. Solid, black jungle. A fellow was utterly trapped in a place like this. Without a plane, it would be many days of paddling a dugout down the Plata to civilization. He hoped he would have no trouble with the ship.

The next couple of days, Eric studied maps and made experimental flights in every direction. At last he found what he sought—a tiny depression far down in a cup of towering mountains. That would be the canon where lurked the mystery. He flew back to his camp and made ready for the morrow's trek.

Wearing a double parachute, he climbed into the plane and took off early in the morning, while the mists still rose from the river. In two hours he was over the canon. It looked too small for a plane to land. And if he managed

to bring the ship down in that hole, how was he to get out? Or maybe it was larger than it looked from 4,000 feet.

It was. Spiraling downward, Eric was surprised to find the canon widening, until it was fully three miles across, and almost round. At 3,000 feet, he saw a speck on the south horizon. The speck grew rapidly and he wondered what the heck it was. Then the speck became several specks. Dozens of them, in fact.

"Birds!" gasped Eric. "But my gosh, what kind of birds?"

The flight of great birds drew closer. They were the largest birds Eric ever heard of. Bigger than the legendary rock Condors! But great guns, he thought, these condors have a wing-spread of thirty feet!

The birds came on, a black flapping mass. They didn't veer from the path of the speeding plane. Before Eric could decide what to do, the whole pack was upon him. The propeller splintered off, the mass of birds crammed into the ship, hurtling it over.

Eric cut the ignition to prevent fire, and tried to wriggle out of the cockpit. He was upside down. The birds were everywhere around, and their screams were maddening to hear. At last he got loose and dropped through the mass. He waited until he was about 500 feet from the ground before he opened his pack. The birds were on his tail, darting and slashing with great beaks and enormous talons.

He landed in a clump of thorny bushes, the chute collapsing over him. That's what saved his life. The birds were astounded, seeing him disappear under the white canopy. They cawed and screamed a while, then flapped away.

He heard the plane crash a few hundred yards off. There was no explosion, and he thanked Allah for that. The instruments would probably be intact.

After a moment he crawled out into the open. The birds were nowhere to be seen. But scattered all over a wide area were the shattered bits of plane wreckage he knew he'd find. Planes of every vintage and make. He examined some of the junk, then took a look at his own wreckage. It would never fly again, but the radio was okay. He could get someone to fly in and snatch him out of this mess.

He made another discovery not far away: the scattered bones of a man. There were several bags of whitened bones. So the poor chap had been killed when the birds attacked their ships, then the hungry demons had eaten the flesh off their bones.

"Ugh!" he said.

It was late that afternoon that he made his great discovery. He was walking along a rough gully looking at the towering walls of rock that surrounded the valley when he saw a misshapen figure sitting in the mouth of a cave. Eric called out. The figure lifted its head. It was a man, all right, but such a man!

Eric hurried up to the cave entrance. The fellow had a beard that reached to his knees, but he was not old, not over twenty-eight, Eric decided.

"Who are you?" Eric asked him.

The strange creature just looked at him. Then Eric saw that he was off the beam, queer in the head. He broke into a babbling chatter and began laughing in a weird manner.

"Shut up!" Eric ordered. "Listen to me. Who are you? I'm here to help you. Radio. We'll radio out and a plane will be sent in for us. Can you hear me?"

The creature simply stared. Then he let out a scream and pointed into the north. The mass of giant birds were coming, flying low over the ground. The creature made a flying dive for the cave entrance, Eric following. They were none too quick. The birds landed outside, fighting and screaming to get into the cave. It was too small for their great bodies.

"Whew!" said Eric, wiping the moisture off his face. "That was close."

The bearded fellow was crawling toward the rear of the cavern. Eric followed. Then he came upon a startling sight. A golden altar. A vast, solid gold altar from some church, here in this cave! Then he saw other golden relics—sacred relics. He estimated the riches at a million dollars. So this was the hidden cache those other flyers had heard about.

The bearded one was babbling and fondling the yellow trinkets, and babbling childishly over them.

Eric nodded. So that was how it was. The poor devil had gone mad over gold. Or perhaps it had been the terror of the birds, plus the loneliness. He hoped doctors could do something with his mind. It would be interesting to hear the man's story.

When the birds left the cave entrance, Eric crawled out and ran to the wrecked plane. He quickly had the radio going, and Rio in contact. He gave a graphic picture of what he had found, directions for flying to the canon, then signed off to wait.



CRACK COMICS

FLOOCCY

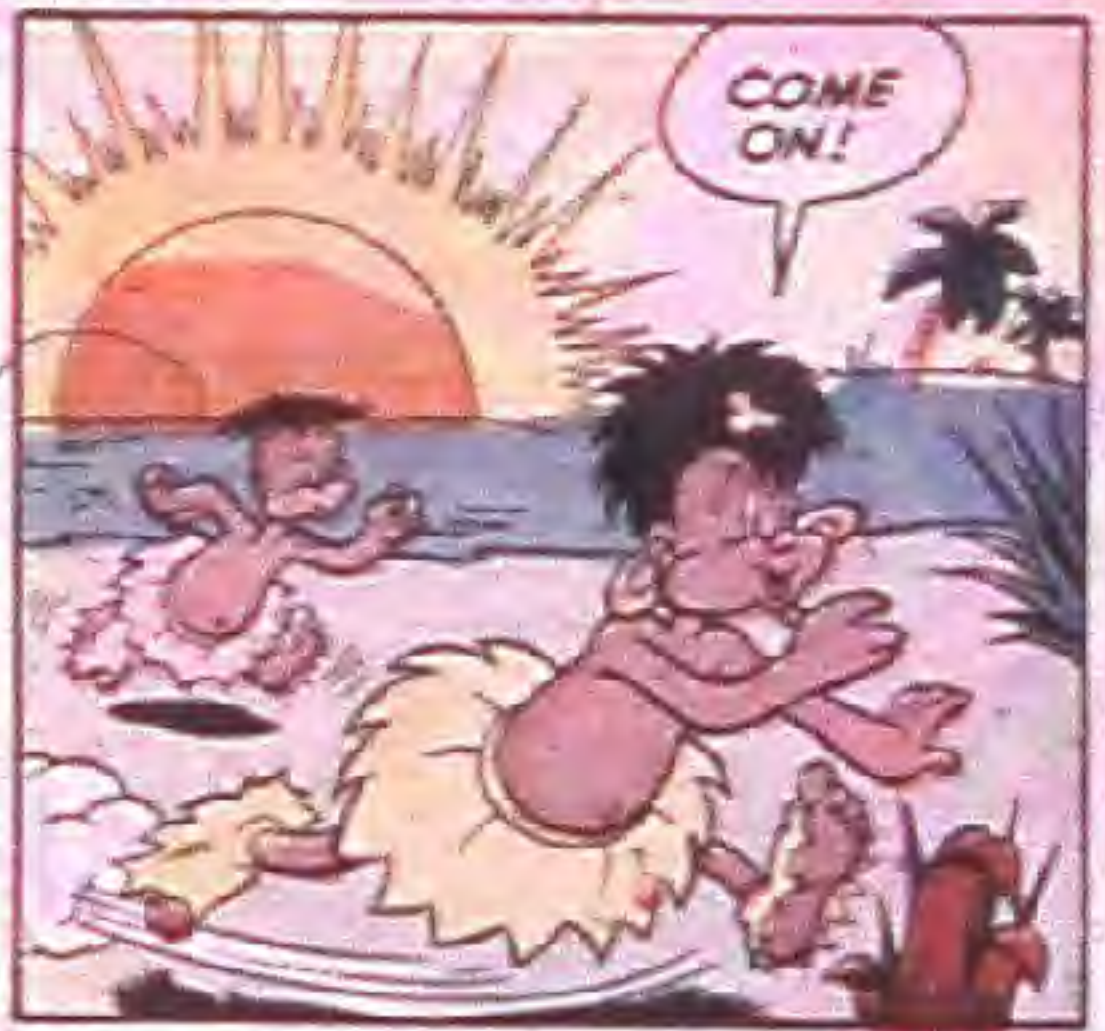
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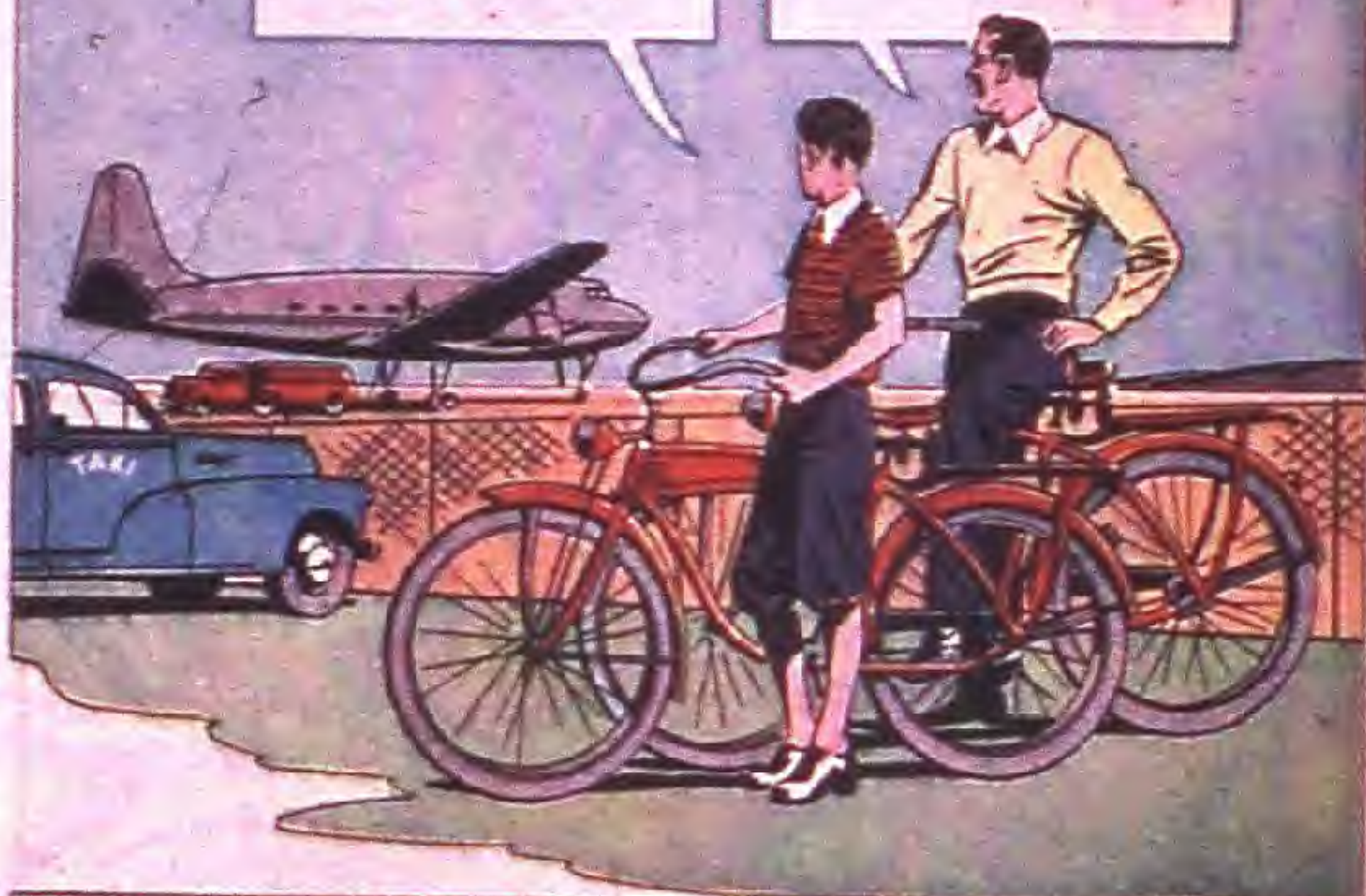






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Charles Atlas

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